

answered quickly, eager to return her sister's confidence, "before Uncle Jack called I had planned to work on my bead chain, which I am anxious to finish. But now 'the thing worth while' seems to be to hem the towels mamma wants out of the way. Will you bring me my work-basket and one of the towels? They are in the lower drawer."

A few minutes later Rosemary, seated in the big chair beside the window, her foot resting on a stool, stopped sewing to watch Bertha walk briskly down the snowy path and out to the road beyond.

"I'm glad Uncle Jack shared his secret with us," she said, as she bent above her hemming. "It has helped Bertha and me to

"Do the thing we must  
Before the thing we may."

—The Westminster.

#### THEIR HOLIDAY.

##### The Wife:

The house is like a garden—

The children are the flowers,  
The gardener should come, methinks,  
And walk among his bowers.  
Oh, lock the door of worry,  
And shut your cares away,  
Not time of year but love and cheer,  
Will make a holiday.

##### The Husband:

Impossible! you women do not know  
The toil it takes to make a business grow;  
I can not join you until very late.  
So hurry home nor let the dinner wait.

##### The Wife:

The feast will be like Hamlet,  
Without the Hamlet part;  
The home is but the house, dear,  
Till you supply the heart.  
The Christmas night I long for  
You need not toil to buy;  
Oh, give me back one thing I lack;  
The love-light in your eye.

##### The Husband:

Of course I love you and the children, too;  
Be sensible, my dear. It is for you  
I work so hard to make my business pay.  
There, now, run home, enjoy your holiday.

##### The Wife, Turning Away:

He does not mean to wound me,  
I know his heart is kind,  
Alas, that men can love us,  
And be so blind—so blind!  
A little time for pleasure,  
A little time for play,  
A word to prove the life of love  
And frighten care away—  
Though poor my lot, in some small cot,  
That were a holiday.

##### The Husband, Musing:

She has not meant to wound me, or to vex,  
Ah, but 'tis difficult to please her sex!  
I've housed and gowned her like a queen,  
Yet, there she goes, with discontented mien.

I gave her diamonds only yesterday—  
Some women are like that, do what you may.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

Ask with confidence and humility,  
Seek with care and application.  
Knock with earnestness and perseverance.



**QUALITY—High    PRICE—Low**  
**STRENGTH—Double    FLAVOR—Fine**

## Luzianne Coffee

Best on earth for the price.  
None better at any price.  
Ask for it.

Sold everywhere.    25 cents 1-pound can.

### THE REILY-TAYLOR CO.

NEW ORLEANS, U.S.A. CHAMBERS

#### THE SEED AND THE PLANT.

By Anna D. Walker.

"Mother," said Louise Denton, "I say, mother," and the girl looked up from a note she was reading. "Mrs. Russell has invited me and Alice Norris to take luncheon with her and her family tomorrow."

"Well, daughter, you seem very serious over the matter. I see no objection to your going," and Mrs. Denton paused for an answer.

"Well, mother, how can I do good to the Russells by my visit? They are so pleasant, yet so totally irreligious. They don't attend church nor any religious service. Now how can I help them? is the question in my mind."

Mrs. Denton smiled approvingly. It was only of late that her dear young daughter had been so thoughtful, religiously. "Well, my dear child," she said at length, "when we are about to do a piece of sewing we consider our tools and our material and then work accordingly. It is the same with religious work; our tools and our material are to be considered. Your visit may be considered your tool to work with and the hostess and her family your material; what can you do with these? Consider prayerfully, and light will come." Louise followed her mother's suggestions and results were most favorable.

The young friend who accompanied her in the visit was as earnest as herself to do good to the hostess' family. Beforehand, the two dear girls determined to ask that the Russell children, three in number, might be permitted to go to their Sabbath-school.

When the proposition was made, Mrs. Russell replied, "Why, they might, only there is no one to get them ready in time. On Sundays we rise late; then I am busy with the baby and our one maid has all she can do to prepare breakfast, clear it away and bring the dinner forward."

Now the young guests proposed that they should take turns in getting their little neighbors ready for service on Sabbath mornings and the mother readily agreed to let them try the plan and take her little ones to both Church and Sabbath-school. "I have been wanting to send them," she said, "but could not send them alone, and didn't know how, unaided, to make them ready, and now you young ladies have solved the whole problem for me."

"Couldn't you go to church, too?" asked Louise, timidly.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't been in so long. I wouldn't know how to behave.

But if I can leave baby, I'll try to go some fine Sunday."

When we start a good work we never know to what growth it may attain. The two young Christians were faithful to the work they had assigned themselves, only expecting reward from on high. And the results exceeded their utmost expectations. Their pastor lent his aid by visiting the Russells and his kind invitations added to the strength of his young helpers' efforts, and in a few months the Russell family were regular attendants on his ministry. Then it came out that Mrs. Russell had once been a church member. She with tears, renewed broken vows, and her husband joined her in uniting with the church, saying "he felt the Lord's claims upon him." The young children were baptized and the young Christians who had planted the little seeds were astonished at the beautiful and sturdy plant that had so soon attained to a marvelous height—a family of valuable church workers from some tiny seeds planted by two faithful young Christians.—Intelligencer.

A school principal was explaining the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member: "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."

## Little Soldiers

**In your blood are the millions of corpuscles that defend you against disease.**

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong, is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does—it helps the little soldiers in your blood to fight disease for you.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, dyspepsia, general debility, and builds up the whole system.